A

Love-Letter:

OR, AN

ADDRESS to MAIDENS.

WHEREIN

The beſt MATCH is offered to their Choice and Acceptance.

To which is added,

A CAUTION to take heed of ſlighting CHRIST in the Offers of his Grace.

Written in Familiar VERSE, by JOHN LEE.

Hearken, O Daughter, and conſider, and incline thine ear; forget alſo thine own people, and thy father's houſe.

So ſhall the King greatly deſire thy beauty; for he is thy Lord, and worſhip thou him. Pſalm xlv 10, 11.

Printed in the YEAR 1733.

To the READER.

CHRISTIAN FRIEND,

THE following Lines, now offered to thy Conſideration, were at firſt deſigned for a more private Uſe; but happening to be rehearſed to ſome Friends (even before they were fully finiſhed) I was deſired to publiſh them in this manner; and, to encourage me ſo to do, it was alledged they might be very uſeful, and eſpecially among young Women.

Whether it will be ſo or not, I cannot tell, but have here ventured to uſe the Means for a Tryal, and I heartily wiſh and pray that ſo it might be.

The Subject, I am certain, is worthy of Conſideration, and the Object of the pureſt and higheſt Affection; and therefore whatever Defect there is in the Thing, muſt be in the Inſtrument by which it is conveyed.

And, indeed, I am ſenſible that both I and my Performance are very weak, yet, by the Grace of God, I am what I am, and ſuch as I have I freely give unto thee, if thou pleaſe to accept of it, and if the Lord pleaſe to give a Bleſſing with it, it will, I hope, be uſeful to thee.

Wherefore, pardon my Defects, and read my Lines with Care and Conſideration, making a ſerious and a home Application of the Matter contained in them, and

if thou gain any Benefit hereby, let the Lord have the Praiſe, and the Inſtrument thy Prayers.

I ſeek not great Things for my ſelf in this Performance and Appearance, but I ask thy Love for my Lord and Maſter Chriſt Jeſus: *And this I may tell thee, that without him thou art undone, and like to be miſerable for ever; and unleſs thou love him, and cloſe with him in a Goſpel Way, thou haſt no Promiſe of any Benefit by him.*

I have endeavoured to tell thee, in ſome Meaſure, how worthy he is of thy Affections and Choice, and called upon thee to give him thy Heart. Now, that I might be heard, and my Suit obtained, that, Rebecca-*like, each Damſel that ſhall read theſe Lines, may be ſhe, and be heartily willing, is, and ſhall be, the ſincere Petition of*

Thy earneſt Sutor,

Oct. 29, 1733. For Jeſus Sake.

To every young and tender Soul, into whose Hands these Lines may come, the Author of them would address himself in the following Manner.

MAY it please thee to admit me,
In my unpolish'd Verse,
To speak to thee Words two or three,
Tho' with a mean Address.
As *Abram*'s Servant on an Errand
To *Rebecca* goes,
A Virgin kind, that he might find
For *Abram*'s Son a Spouse:
I having Warrant, on this Errand
Unto thee would come,
In serious Sort thy Love to court
For my good Lord the Son
Of *Abraham*; as he is Man,
Born of old *Sarah*'s Race,
But as God's Son, the eternal One,
Before *Abram* he was.
His Father's great (I can relate)
Lord of the Universe;

Christ

Chriſt is the Heir, Writings declare,
All Things he muſt poſſeſs.
I have Permiſſion and Commiſſion
(As Servant to this Heir,
Which the Goſpel, when minded well,
More fully may declare,)
To offer Love for him above
To Virgins here below,
And let them ſee how freely he
Doth Love on them beſtow:
He fain would ſave, and freely have
Them be eſpous'd to him;
But yet I find many unkind,
And few aright will know him,
Although we court in earneſt Sort,
And uſe our utmoſt Skill, in
Order to gain, and them conſtrain,
Few Damſels will be willing:
But hope thy Mind is well inclin'd,
And therefore do deſire thee
To be content, and give Conſent,
Sweet Jeſus doth require thee.
With out-ſtretch'd Hands he ready ſtands
Moſt ſweetly to embrace thee;
With open'd Arms, and lovely Charms,
In's Boſom he would place thee.
O then be kind, and let him find
Thy tender Heart now cleaving
To his Propoſals; thine Eſpouſals
Unto Jeſus, leaving
All other Cares and ſmall Affairs
To God's moſt wiſe diſpoſing:

And be heedful, it is needful
With Jeſus to be cloſing.
While in thy Prime's thy chuſing Time;
Then make this bleſſed Choice;
Of all that be, there's none like he,
Then hearken to his Voice,
Which is directing and affecting,
Fit to move the Heart
From other Love to Chriſt above,
In whom the better Part
Is lodg'd ſecure, and will endure
'Till Time ſhall end, for thoſe
Who do believe, and him receive,
And with him truly cloſe.
Then ſet thy Love on Chriſt above,
Let Jeſus have thy Heart,
All Trifles leave, unto him cleave,
And from him never part.
O prize him more than earthly Store,
He is the Pearl of Price,
See that he be belov'd of thee,
Let Jeſus be thy Choice,
And then he will thy Treaſures fill
With what is excellent;
In him is Store, heapt, running o'er,
Of that which will content
His lovely Bride, whate'er betide
Her in this Vale of Tears:
He's not ſo ſcant, for her to want,
Whatever be her Fears;
For God s Word tells, all Fullneſs dwells
In his beloved Son;

How then can Wants diſtreſs the Saints,
When Jeſus is their own?
Yea, and he's fair, his Saints declare,
When by Faith looked on;
He's glorious bright, their Souls Delight,
Yea, the all lovely One.
This Object chuſe, don t him refuſe,
If thou do Beauty prize;
Let here, fair Maid, thy Mind be ſtaid,
And thy Affections riſe.
See in his Face a lovely Grace,
Let Majeſty invite thee
Him to admire, and much deſire
His Preſence may delight thee.
How ſweet, will't be, dear Soul, to thee,
As Chriſt his Spouſe to find
His precious Hands, in ſweet Commands,
Embracing thee with kind
Tokens of Love, valu'd above
The richeſt, choiceſt Wine,
By all that e're did of them ſhare,
And could ſay, Chriſt is mine.
Right bleſt are thoſe who with him cloſe,
And in his Love do reſt;
O ſweet enjoying, without cloying,
To lean on Jeſus's Breaſt.
Then believe him, and receive him,
Without delay comply
To love his Ways in youthful Days,
For know aſſuredly,
Peace and Pleaſure, Joy and Treaſure
In bleſt Jeſus are,

All precious Things that this World brings
Cannot with him compare.
Power and Might, Greatneſs with Right,
Are in God's Son and Heir,
At his Command, we underſtand,
The Earth and Heavens are.
Sure then he will defend from Ill
His well-beloved Spouſe;
Yea, that he will, here's Comfort ſtill,
Whatever here ſhe looſe:
He will attend, and her defend,
In ſuffering for his Sake,
And all her Loſſes, with her Croſſes,
Her great Advantage make.
Secure he will preſerve her ſtill,
Tho' great may be her Fears,
He will direct, and her protect,
Relieving all her Cares.
Do Fears diſtreſs, and Doubts oppreſs?
There's that in him that may
Her Fears remove, her Doubts reprove,
And take them both away.
Tho' he's diſtant, if ſhe's conſtant,
He will be ſure to mind her,
He'll know her Caſe in every Place,
And with Relief he'll find her.
She cannot be where he can't ſee,
Nor ever can ſhe need
More than fully he can ſupply,
O this is rare indeed!
Not only rare, beyond compare,
But very true withall,

As they can ſhow, who do him know
To be their all in all.
Look then and ſee, how happy ſhe
Who to him gives Conſent;
No Match like he i'th' World can be,
He is right excellent.
Many are great, but none compleat,
When prov'd, they are but Shells,
In Compariſon of God's dear Son,
In whom all Fullneſs dwells.
Some good may be, but none like he,
Who perfectly is ſuch:
The beſt Men, when at beſt, are Men,
And fail in Goodneſs much.
Some may be kind, but none you'll find
To equalize him here;
Kind in feeding, kind in leading,
Kind in helping, where
His Saints are weak, if they but ſpeak
To ask his Help and Aid,
He'll give them Strength, that they at length
Might firm on him be ſtaid.
Some Men we prize, whom we count wiſe,
But yet, alas! alas!
Their Wiſdom fails, and nought avails
Oft-times unto our Caſe.
O then him prize, who is all-wiſe,
And can in every Caſe
Direct thee ſo, that thou ſhalt know
In every State and Place
Which Way to take, and what will make
Moſt for thy preſent Good,

Thy

Thy Fame to raiſe, his Name to praiſe,
Which, rightly underſtood,
Will precious be, dear Soul, to thee,
While here thou doſt abide
In many Dangers; here to Strangers
How good is ſuch a Guide!
Then do but try, don't him deny,
Now, now, he asks thy Love,
Haſte to eſpouſe, don't him refuſe,
Nor ſlighting to him prove.
Hearken to him, learn to know him
In theſe thy youthful Days;
Repent of Sin, new Life begin;
In Wiſdom's pleaſant Ways
See thou do go, and thou ſhalt know
The Beſt of Comfort's thine,
Such as will cheer thy Soul while here,
And ſweetly thee encline
Grace to admire, and Heaven deſire,
Where Saints full Portions have
Of that which here, with many a Tear,
Their longing Souls do crave,
Which Chriſt regards and here rewards
Sometimes with ſuch a Ray,
As doth delight, and them invite,
While yet upon their Way
They paſſing are, and do repair
Towards their final End:
When they come there, he will appear
Their loving conſtant Friend.
In Shades of Death, when fleeting Breath
Is taking of its Flight,

He oft diſplays ſuch lovely Rays,
As give a glorious Sight
Of future Joy, which ſtedfaſtly
They do behold and ſee
Beyond the Grave, where they ſhall have
A full Felicity.
When Time is o'er, and here no more,
Nor longer we muſt ſtay,
And Death ſhall come to call us home
Unto our Bed of Clay.
Then happy ſhe, and alſo he,
Who have the Lord for theirs,
Who re born anew, and clearly view
That they with Chriſt are Heirs
Of Life above, where they in Love
Shall laſtingly enjoy
A Portion pure, which will endure
To all Eternity:
When greateſt Wealth can't purchaſe Health,
This will much Comfort give;
For tho' ſuch die, yet certainly
With Jeſus they ſhall live.
Then, by the way, I once more ſay,
Let Jeſus have thy Heart,
That at the laſt, when Time is paſt,
And thou muſt hence depart,
Th s Comfort may thy Dying-Day
To thee delightful make,
That Chriſt is thine, and thou ſhalt ſhine,
When he ſhall come to take
H s Bride with Joy moſt lovingly
In the great Wedding-Day

To Bliſs prepar'd for her Reward,
How great no Man can ſay:
Where Manſions bright, with lovely Light,
She always ſhall poſſeſs,
And there ſhall ſhine, adorned fine
With Robes of Righteouſneſs.
Oh! Bleſſed Day, when happy they
Who unto Chriſt are join'd
By Goſpel Grace, in bleſſed Caſe
Eternal Joy ſhall find.
The Lamb will feed his Bride, and lead
Her in the Height of Joys
To Fountains pure, which will endure,
When Tears from off her Eyes.
Shall wiped be, and glorious She
No more Diſtreſs ſhall know,
No more foul Ways in cloudy Days,
And doubting, ſhall ſhe go.
Bliſs will be pure, and ſo endure
To endleſs Ages ſtill:
She will be great, yea, and compleat,
The Fountain ſhall her fill.
Then come along, fair Damſel young,
And follow Chriſt with Speed,
Now lovely He calls unto thee,
To him do thou take heed.
If at his Call thou do leave all,
Thou wilt no Loſs ſuſtain;
Then ſtrait give Ear, and do not fear,
In Chriſt is glorious Gain.
Whate'er diſmay, the Marriage-Day
Will make amends for all;

Then think on this eternal Bliſs,
Attend to Chriſt his Call,
That with thy Tongue this lovely Song
Thou may'ſt right well repeat,
Lord, I am thine, and thou art mine,
In thee I am compleat.

Here follows a Word, by way of Caution, to take heed of ſlighting Chriſt in refuſing the Offers of his Love and Grace, made in and by the Goſpel, to poor Sinners.

WITH this Greatneſs and Compleatneſs,
Sweet Jeſus doth thee court,
To raiſe thee high in Dignity,
Above the common Sort,
Who ſlight his Love, and diſapprove
The Ways of Holineſs,
Whoſe doing ſo, they once ſhall know;
Will end in their Diſtreſs,
Unleſs they mourn, and truly turn
To Jeſus Chriſt with ſpeed.
Great Sorrow will moſt ſadly fill
Their guilty Souls indeed.
Refuſing Love at laſt will prove
A ſad and bitter Thing;

To

To die ſlighting Chriſt's inviting,
Will guilty Conſcience ſting.
O then beware, and have a care,
My Counſel heed, I pray,
To hear his Voice, make him thy Choice,
And don't ſay Jeſus nay,
Leſt at the laſt, when Time is paſt,
This bitter to thee prove,
That Chriſt no more, as heretofore,
Will offer ſlighted Love,
But will refuſe them who abuſe
His Love and offer'd Grace,
And them deny, when they'd enjoy
The Heavenly State and Place.
In Marriage-Day he'll ſay them nay,
Tho' they do call and cry;
Slighted Heaven ſhall not be given
To them who Chriſt deny.
Take heed therefore, I thee implore,
Leſt thou do mourn at laſt
Thy ſad Eſtate, when it's too late,
And with thee Time is paſt.
It will be bad, O! diſmal, ſad,
To be ſhut out of Heaven!
Condemn'd to Hell! What Tongue can tell!
(When Sentence ſhall be given!)
What weeping Eyes! What diſmal Cries!
What Horror and what Woe!
What Terror ſhall upon them fall,
When they to Hell muſt go!
Their ſad Eſtate who can relate,
Who with devouring Fire

For ever dwell in woful Hell,
Under incenſed Ire.
That thus with thee it ne'er may be,
See thou don't Chriſt refuſe,
Haſte to comply, do not deny,
Nor Goſpel Grace abuſe.
In Life beware, for Death prepare,
Be ſure take heed of Hell,
Spend all thy Days in holy Ways,
And then thou ſhalt fare well.

FINIS.